



Jackson Purchase Historical Society

Volume 19 | Number 1

Article 13

6-1991

Poems: Reunion

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.murraystate.edu/jphs>



Part of the [United States History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

(1991) "Poems: Reunion," *Jackson Purchase Historical Society*. Vol. 19 : No. 1 , Article 13.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.murraystate.edu/jphs/vol19/iss1/13>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by Murray State's Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Jackson Purchase Historical Society by an authorized editor of Murray State's Digital Commons. For more information, please contact msu.digitalcommons@murraystate.edu.

REUNION

Paul R. Cummings

Quaggy Joe, a small mountain,
with a beacon for the night.
It's Redlight blinking warning,
Any aircraft lost in flight?

When younger, traveling home
that beacon I would see.
My town just beyond the hills
a comfort place for me.

I saw that light the other night,
I slowly followed its ray.
To a class reunion, thirty years.
the time I've been away.

"Hello, I'm Paul. You must be -"
so the conversation would flow.
Of high school bands, basketball,
"Oh, excuse me I must go".

Soldiers, businessmen, teachers,
From all points down to Maine.
Once again our lives cross.
We can never be the same.

Like looking in a mirror
Playing a guessing game.
Replaying old life moves
Would changes lead to fame.

I left the following morning,
no red light on display.
Saw and left old friends of time,
I must go on my way.

Quaggy Joe, lights every night,
new people it will see.
Guidance in my younger day,
Answers it gave me.